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ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT,

C. H. HUGHES, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.,

AT THE

BANQUET

IN HONOR OF THE

FIRST PAN-AMERICAN MEDICAL CONGRESS,

GIVEN BY THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL EDITORS' ASSOCIATION,

At The Arlington, Washington, U. S. A., Sept. 4, 1893.

GENTLEMEN: I take pleasure in meeting you to-night and in calling you to order.

We are in the midst of a picnic—I mean a panic, for we had our picnic last November. I am glad to meet with you to-night, *fellow-cranks*. In thus addressing you I would not have it inferred that I consider you, my esteemed and estimable colleagues, mentally unsound or crooked. I use the term in no such an invidious sense. You may think I ought to use the term in the psychopathic sense, and call you *fellow-lunatics*, to assemble at such a time as this to discuss anything but the monetary questions of mono- or bi-metalism, the Sherman law, the financial situation and the salvation of the country generally. No, fellow-cranks, the country has gone crazy over the delusion that it is about bursted, when it never was better off, in fact, than now; when people never had so much money to hide away in stockings and bury in the ground; never had better crops or finer or more stock on their farms, though corporation stocks are a little shaky.

One set of cranks up on the hill yonder (the Capitol), has the delusion that the country will go to the devil if Congress does not repeal the Sherman act; the other, that it will if it does, and tries to do without free silver. They labor under the delusion that they are Napoleons and doctors of finance. They are quacks and calamity howlers!



Fellow-cranks, it is a glorious thing to be our kind of cranks. We of the press are the cranks that move the medical, moral, political and social world, and *money is our lever*. If we only had enough of the leverage we would be all right and pass on to the goal of the world's glory, philanthropically forgetting our own. We are the cranks that turn the grindstones and grist mills of progress, outside of the Government department (we are not in it there), "change the zig-zag or shuttle motion" of the political machine into harmonious reciprocal, useful motion, and *vice versa*, "into smooth circular movement." *We make the wheels go round*. We move the steam and electric machinery of medical and moral progress. That is the sort of "cranks" we are, full of spirit, brisk and lively, as Spencer and Webster define us to be.

Without disparaging the Herculean labors of the Secretary-General and others, I may safely say the Archimedean lever which has lifted this First Pan-American Medical Congress of the Western world to the mountain top of professional appreciation has been the medical press of America; but, in this connection, we must not omit courteous recognition of the aid of the secular press. Its hand, too, has helped us. Without the unfaltering courage and manly fidelity of our craft to this Congress, it must have sunk under the weight of the present financial stringency and depression, and proved a dismal failure. But, gentlemen, we turned the crank of our influence in the right direction and secured the success of the First Pan-American Medical Congress, under the most discouraging circumstances. We are the cranks by which the current of the world's best blood of mental life is made to flow—the cranks of which Shakespeare speaks when he refers to the food as being sent

Through the rivers of your blood,
And through the cranks and offices of men,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
Of the great body of the world's thought and action.

From us the world's medical people "receive that natural competency whereby they live."

The ends we aim at are those of the highest literary and scientific principles. They are God's and Truth's. With editorial microscope, test-tube and crucible, we look, through Nature, up to Nature's God, and see the source of all power manifest through the primordial and developmental cells, solving all the principles of growth, waste and decay in the human organism. As the astronomer sees an omnipotence in the laws of movement of the shining orbs of heaven, so we see remotely law in the combining of the elements and movements of organism. We are the sanitary weather prophets, that give the people warning and health forecasts. "*Salus populi*" is our motto. "*Salus populi suprema lex esto*" is the motto on the escutcheon of my native State, and it is the accepted principle of our republican government, and of all government of the people, for the people and by the people, under our estimable and just political system. In the hearts of all loyal Americans, *vox populi* has the force, and is fairly expressive of, *vox Dei* for the nation's enduring welfare and perpetual safety, and the prayer of every American heart is, *esto perpetua*. I would paraphrase this and say, *sanitas populi suprema lex esto*. [Applause.] The health of the people is intimately blended with their welfare, and it is the medical press that proclaims health to the people and will perpetually secure the healing of all the nations. The *sanitas* is the *salus suprema populi*. Without health, mentally and bodily—and the former is dependent on the latter—nations hasten to decay. The ill health of the two Napoleons lost to France her military prestige.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay.

When Rome was in perfect health she ruled the world when the stalwart, robust, healthy arms of her soldiery, undegenerated by the diseases and decay which followed the luxury of conquest, carried her victorious eagles, the

world acknowledged her sway. Then "to be a Roman was greater than a king." They had strength in their psychomotor, ganglionic and spinal centers, and power of organic reconstruction. Their physique—cerebral and muscular—inspired to valorous deeds and to the grandest thoughts. Her statesmen, her jurists, her lawyers, her poets, her physicians and her philosophers, who have left any precept worthy of being treasured or any example worthy of being followed, were men of health. The deeds and doctrines of her philosophers, her doctors of medicine, her doctors and teachers of morality, of law, of philosophy, of war, have left no such lesson in them from the days of her decadence, except the lesson of calamity and its causes, the diseases to be warned against. And so it has been with every nation that has risen and fallen into decadence or has been blotted out from the pages of later history since Rome's ignoble decline and fall. Since then the subdued barbarians of her ancient borders, profiting by the lesson of her decadence and the diseases incident to her downfall, have supplanted Rome with a healthier and sturdier race.

We have learned what this physical and mental decadence means. The modern Germans were the sanitary cranks that turned the tables back on ancient Rome and kept the wheels of progress steadily going forward until the German Empire has become one of the foremost of the nations of the world, all because they were not permitted to fall into luxury and consequent decay. She had not the opportunity to lose the rich red blood of her ancestors through conquered indolence and luxurious ease. And so long as a wise medical and secular press can keep the standard of her people's health high, she will maintain her military prestige and her honor. So it will be with America.

The tri-color of *La Belle France* will likely never again defy the thunderings of the world's artillery as in the days of the great Napoleon. Never, either through diplomacy or the power of her arms, *except in the*

possibly returned vigor of renewed mental and physical health, such as enabled the great Napoleon to direct, and his soldiery to achieve, the scaling of the Alps and fight and win victories by descending from the clouds. So it will be with us and with every nation.

The courage of the American Revolution, its audacious Declaration of Independence, its vigorous and successful resistance to the British arms, were the courageous physiological expression of the fearless blood and brawn of health that inspired them to think and dare to do with Herculean strength for the right. If you would make a people great and glorious in the arts, in sciences, in literature, in morals, in arms, in high-minded men that constitute the safest and best guardians of a State, give them good health, encourage their physicians to be great doctors, not mere nurses and apothecaries, and your medical journalists to be broad-minded, fearless men, in proclaiming the truths that constitute and contribute to the sanitary welfare of mankind, and make men great and women fair and good.

Now, as a physician, a practitioner of the healing art, a teacher of medicine in school and with journal, I dare to proclaim that the wisest and best thing this Government can do, both for its present and future welfare, for its perpetuity and growth among the nations, the most powerful, most beneficent and grandest of governments, would be to create a Bureau of Sanitation [Applause], not merely to keep out foreign epidemics of contagious diseases, but a psychical and physical sanitation of the many forms of disease of body and mind known to science and modern medical progress, and recognize the profession of medicine as it does that of law, of agriculture and arms, by giving the most distinguished and capable of its votaries a proper and deserving place in the Cabinet of the Nation. [Applause.]

It is now my painful duty to introduce to you the chief chutmuck of this great family of cranks, the charming, the accomplished, the lovely daisy symposiarch of

the evening. He comes from the wild and woolly West, where he holds the *Medical Mirror* up to nature and lets his contributors do their own reflecting. It would be a reflection on *him* to say that he reflects much himself, when he can get anybody else to do this business for him. Put the brakes on the cranks of your mental machinery, brother quill-drivers, and bring your minds to a halt while you listen to him, and give your brains a rest. Rest and recuperate while you may listen to the toastmaster. He is more mellifluous of voice than a mocking bird, and to look upon, charming as a daisy or a big sunflower. [Applause.]
